Cooper's Clarksburg Register.

WILLIAM P. COOPER,] "WE STAND UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF IMMUTABLE JUSTICE AND NO HUMAN POWER SHALL DRIVE US FROM OUR POSITION."—*Jackson.* [EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS.

Cooper's Clarksburg Register is published in Clarksburg, Va., every Friday morning, at $2,00 per annum, in advance, or at the expiration of six months from the time of subscribing; after which $2,50 will invariably be charged.

No subscription will be received for a less period than six months.

No paper will be discontinued except at the option of the proprietor, until all arrearages are paid up—and those who do not oder their paper to be discontinued at the end of their term of subscription, will be considered as desiring to have it continued.

Advertisements will be inserted at $1.00 per square of twelve lines for the first three insertions, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion.

A liberal deduction on the above rates will be made to those who advertise by the year.

No advertisement counted less than a square.

The number of insertions must be specified, or the advertisement will be continued and charged accordingly.

Announcements of candidates for office $2,00.

Marriages and Deaths inserted gratis.

All communications, to insure attention must be accompanied by the author's name and post-paid.

HOW HE ROSE.

A Short and True Sketch for Boys.

About forty years ago, somewhere in the woods near the line between Tennessee and Kentucky, in a log cabin 16 feet by 18, which was already occupied by a brood of ten or twelve children, was born a youngster, the hero of our sketch. In his infancy he was fed on hog and hominy, and the flesh of such "wild varmints" as were caught in the woods. At twelve years of age he was put out to work with a neighbor as a farm boy, and drove oxen, hoed corn and raised tobacco in the summer, cured it and prized it in the winter, till he was 17 years old, when he took to making brick, to which he added the profession of a carpenter; and by these successive steps in mechanical arts, he became able by his own unassisted skill, to rear a house from the clay-pit or from the stump, and complete it in all its parts, and to do it, too, in a manner that none of its competitors could surpass. His pannel doors are to this day the wonder and admiration of all the country in which they continue to swing on the hinges. He never saw the inside of a church till after he was 18 years old. By the assistance of an old man in the neighborhood, he learned during the winter evenings, to read and write, while a farm boy. Having achieved these valuable acquisitions by the aid of another, and his other education has been the fruit of his own application and persevrance. At the age of twenty-one he conceived the idea of fitting himself for the practice of law. He at first procured an old copy of Blackstone, and having, after the close of his daily labors, by night studies in his log cabin, mastered the contents of that compendium of common law, he pursued his researches into other elementary works. And having thus, by great diligence, acquired the rudiments of his profession, he met with an old lawyer who quit practice, or whose practice had quit him, with whom he made a bargain for his scanty library, for which he was to pay $120 in carpenter's work and the chief part of the work to be done in payment for the old musty books, was dressing and laying old oaken floor and doors, per square ten feet. The library paid for, our hero dropped the adze, plane and trowel, and we soon after heard of him as one of the most prominent men of the Mississippi bar, and a noble statesman and orator. "I heard him one day," says one, "make two speeches in succession of three hours in length each, to the same audience, and not a movement testified any wearines on the part of a single auditor, and during their delivery the assembly seemed swayed by the orator as a reed by the wind."

The poor farm boy is at the present time at the city of Washington, a member of Congress from Mississippi. His name is Patrick W. Thompkins. He is a self-made man, and his history shows what an humble man can do when he is disposed to try.

The Sublime.—I am fully prepared to allow of much ingenuity of Burke's theory of the sublime, as connected with self preservation. There are few things so great as death; and there is nothing, perhaps, which banishes all littleness in thought and feeling in an equal degree with its contemplation. Everything, therefore, which in way points to it—and, therefore, most dangers and powers over which we have little control—are in some degree sublime. But it is not the fear observe, but the contemplation of death; nor the instinctive shudder and struggle of self-preservation, but the deliberate measurement of the doom, which is really great or sublime in feeling. It is not while we shrink, but while we defy, that we receive or convey the highest conceptions of the fate. There is no sublimity in agony of terror. Whither do we trace it most, in the cry to the mountains, "Fall on us!" and to the hills, "Cover us!" or in the calmness of the prophecy—"And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see God?" A little reflection will easily convince any one that, so far from the feelings of self-preservation being necessary to the sublime, their greatest action is totally destructive to it; and that there are few feelings less capable of its perception than those of a coward.—*Ruskin.*

Corut Scene.—"Sir," said a fierce lawyer "do you, on your solemn oath, before the high God, swear that this is not your hand writing?"

"I reckon not," was the cool reply.

"Does it resemble your writing?"

"Yes, sir, I think it don't."

"Do you swear it don't resemble your writing?"

"Well I do, old head."

"You take your solemn oath that this writing does not resemble yours in a single letter?"

"Y-e-s, sir!"

"Now, how do you know?"

"Cause I can't write."

Jonathan and his Bride at a Fashionable Hotel.

At one of our fashionable hotels the other day, among the arrivals was one of the genus verdant, a regular no-mistake Jonathan, with eyes wide open to the novelties that he met at every turn. He brought with him his better half, a strapling, flaxen-haired lass, bedecked with a profusions of ribbons and cheap jewelry; they had evidently "come down to Boston," to spend the honey moon, and Jonathan had no doubt, "darned the expences."

The first morning after their arrival, the servant was thrown into hysterics by a verdant mistake; Jonathan's bell rang furiously and he demanded to see the landlord; the functionary having made his appearance, he was hailed with—

"How are ye?—how de do, old feller? Me and Patience finds all right here, room fixed up first rate; gives a feller a highfalutin feeling; but, I say, old hoss, we want a washbowl and towel, to take off the dust outside, then I'll come down and take a little New England with ye."

"Here are all the conveniences for washing, sir," said the landlord, stepping to a mahogany wash sink and raising the lid.

"Gosh all Potomac!" exclaimed our Yankee, "whode ever thought of that ere table's openin on the top that way!"

Nothing further occurred until the hour for breakfast, when the verdant couple were seated at the table; Jonathan having burned his throat by drinking his coffee too hot, and attempted to help himself to an omlett with his fingers, finally had his attention attracted by some fish-balls, which, are, as everybody knows, fish and potatoes minced together, rolled into balls about as large as an ordinary sized apple, and cooked brown.

Having procured the dish that contained them, by means of a servant, he helped himself and partner to one, each grasped in hand the precious morsel. Jonathan, opening his capacious jaw, took a bite from his, when suddenly he disgorged the morsel with an expression of disappointment, and, turning to his bride exclaimed: "I swow, Patience, these dough nuts are nonhin' but codfish and taters."

Tin Weddings.

An editor friend of ours has been to a "tin wedding." If our readers will be quiet, in three minutes they shall know what a "tin wedding" is. Now a golden wedding is the commemoration of the fiftieth return of a couple's marriage—these are scarce. The "silver bridal" is the friendly celebration of the twenty-fifth return of the happy day. A "tin wedding" is a novelty, but it should not be, for whoever reach the fifth anniversary of their marriage are at liberty to celebrate it. Our friend says on this occasion:

"The bride and groom were presented by relatives and friends in turn with various articles of tin ware, such as are eminently useful in household economy, making together a complete set of culinary apparatus, which would do honor even to a king's kitchen. Those separate ceremonies were concluded by n more formal presentaion of an 'ornamental service of tin,' prepared after the most approved form and fashion of silver, during which an address was delivered and a response given, both performances being marked with as much solemnity as the occasion could impart. At the supper, the table was covered with plates and dishes only of tin; ham-sand-wiches were laid out against a tin background; homely cake was served in baskets of tin; sweet cider was poured from a tin pail. with a tin ladle, into tin cups; and familiar odes were performed on trumpets of tin! In fact, there could not have been more tin in any other place, except in a tinman's warehouse, or in the mines of England.

"We were never before so thoroughly convinced of the genuine value of plate tin, of the numerous useful appliances to which it may be put, and of the highly respectable appearance which it presents when handsomely scoured; and we shall henceforth regard it, especially when associated with a tin wedding, as one of the precious metals."

Snake Combat.—Combats between the rattle and black snake are certain if they meet, and the black snake is, with rare exception, the conqueror. Upon seeing each other, these animals instantly assume their respective attitudes of defiance, and display the great difference in their organization. The rattlesnake coils itself up, ready for attack or defence; the blacksnake being a constrictor, moves about from side to side, and is in constant activity—naturally exciting each other's passions. The rattlesnake finally settles down into a glowing exhibition of animosity, its fangs exposed, its rattles in constant agitation. The blacksnake, seemingly conscious that the moment of strife has come, now commences circling round its enemy, absolutely moving so swiftly that it seems but a gleam of dull light; the rattlesnake attempts to follow the movement, but soon becomes confused, and drops its head in despair; then it is that the blacksnake darts upon the back of its deadly foe, seizes it between the teeth, and springing upwards envelops the rattlesnake in its folds. The struggle, though not long, is painful; the combatants roll over in the dust, and get entangled in the bushes, but every moment the blacksnake is tightening its hold, until the rattlesnake gasps for breath, becomes helpless and dies. For awhile the blacksnake still retains its grasp; you can perceive the muscles working with energy; but finally it cautiously uncoils itself, and quietly betakes to the water, where, recovering its energy, it dashes about a moment, as if in exultation, and disappears from the scene.

ADMIRATION.

BY MRS. MARY E. NEALY.

It is not the beautiful features,
Nor the glossy, waving hair,
Not the step all light and graceful
That seem to me most fair.
But a brow all aglow with feeling,
And an eye lit up with fire,
Which burneth deep in the soul beneath—
It is these I most admire

It is not the lines of the poet,
In classic numbers drest,
All chiselled and cold, like marble,
That my spirit loves the best.
But where, in the scenes he painteth
As bright as the sunset's fire,
The *heart of the poet glimmers through*—
It is *this* I most admire!

MY FIRST PARLOR.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"Never shall I forget with what sensations of delight I walked through the pretty little cottage, forty years ago, which I was soon to call my own.

The old homestead, where I had frolicked in gleesome childhood, with its venerable mantle of moss, and its antique form, was but a little distance away, and I could look from the chamber of the cottage into the tidy farm yard, and hear the plantive lowing of dear old Brindle, my pet cow. True I could not see the sweet face of my mother, nor the sterner countenance of father, at every hour of the day; yet it was but a bit across, and a few moment's walk would carry me there.

With all its home associations, there was nothing in it half so pretty as in my little world of a cottage.

The exterior, too, was very beautiful in my eyes; first, there was a neat little fence all around it, a long path, lined with rose bushes, leading to it, a sweet garden spot, and behind it a meadow, fresh and extensive.

The cottage itself was painted the purest white, and the blinds the greenest green.

I knew nothing of its interior previous to the week in which we were married, and dear William, (not a bit the less dear now,) intended to suprise me; so when I entered to inspect the whitewashed walls, and polished floors, lo! and behold, it was furnished throughout. A pretty little Yankee clock, all gilded and shining in the bright sunlight, greeted my vision first. It stood just opposite the fire-place, and over a brightly varnished oaken table. Clean, new yellow chairs around the sides of the room, a little cup-board near the shining hearth, and a pair of tiny andirons, with their little black dog faces looking straight at us, made me laugh outright with pleasure.

And this, be it remembered, kind reader, was our best, our very best room; a happier, or prouder little maiden than this very self, as I thought this to be mine, my own home?

The kitchen, although furnished with less costly materials, was furnished the same, except that in one corner was an army of burnished pans, kettles, pails, and so forth. Under the shelves, a long line of new wooden tubs, and all things essential to a good house keeper's comfort. They spoke loudly of scalding suds, heaps of unwashed linens, clothes pins and lines, red fingers, blustering winds and freezing cold days, but I was not afraid of them, for I had been educated by parents industrious and economical, who never forgot that soul and body were united, and therefore were to be educated together.

But I have dwelt long enough on minute particulars; suffice it to say, that the whole cottage was tasteful and neat without and within, a perfect little nest of comfort.

Well, we were married; time sped on, shook his trembling finger at us, but touched us gently. Our hearts grew more united, my William was temperate and frugal, and we prospered.

By and by a letter came to us from relatives whom we never expected to behold; the first we had ever received from them, stating that they were tired of a city residence; also, their wish that we would look out for a large and convenient cottage, as they should remove thither the next spring.

For the first time, my cottage, my best room, in fact everything looked too small; and my furniture had a thin coating of meanness. I had often heard from my uncle who visited them when he went to the city, that they were wealthy, living superbly, and everything about them on a grand scale.

The cottage was selected; a new and beautiful one, situated on a gentle declivity, surrounded by lovely orchards, at a little distance from a most romantic waterfall, and in the rear of rich grounds, which with cultivation might become a fragrant and delightful garden.

They came; or rather the lady with her children and furniture came first, and in a week after her arrival, were settled in their new home. Never shall I forget the morning, when I made ready to receive her first visit. Everything, however clean and shining, it might be, required a second and thorough scrubbing or rubbing. Baby was taken up, little frock smoothed, its little rosy face wiped over and over again. The little looking glass in the clock, (by the way we had no other,) was consulted at least a dozen times, to see if the young lady, writing this little reminiscence, was dressed with sufficient taste. Husband's hair was smoothly combed and curled, and his hat drawn closely over his brows, with an injunction not to take it off for fear the wind would blow it away while he was at work; and it would never do for him to comb it before the lady, to be sure.

His nice wedding suit, too, was laid carefully upon the bed, that he might slip quietly up stairs, when he saw the visitor approaching; everything was in readiness by two o'clock.

By and by a carriage was seen winding slowly down the road and my heart beat with anticipation, I will not say fear, as I took a hasty survey of the apartment, smoothed baby's frock down once more, and saw husband skip by me, and leap up stairs two at a time.

As it neared the little path, which we had signified with the name of "Wild Rose Path," and stopped, a lady, I supposed, for I hardly knew, stepped out, and walked leisurely along met me at the door. By her side ran a white headed little fellow, plucking my choice plants without hinderance or denial from his mother.

I did my best to welcome her, and she entered with me, and passed through the room, (poor I thought,) as if she was to be ushered into a better.

I blushingly offered her one of my yellow wooden chairs, upon which she sat with great condescension.

Declining to take off her bonnet and shawl she began in a very small tone indeed, to converse with me; praised my baby, said it was very fat and rosy; inquired about my parents and my husband, and then sat very stiff and silent. Not so with the boy; spying the cupboard, he pointed his puny hand to it crying out, "ma, ma, that's just such a cupboard as you gave Meney, for her parlor, ain't it? You know Meney, don't you," he continued, turning towards me: "she used to be mama's chambermaid, but she's married now." I was foolish enough to feel mortified, and I know I appeared so, but just then my William came down, looking so noble and handsome, that I felt confident immediately.

As I introduced him, I was pleased to see Mrs. Montmorency look at him with some astonishment. His clear full eye never flinched at her gaze and he returned her bow with the air of a Prince; I'm sure I was proud of him then.

Very soon after the lady with her ill bred boy departed; perhaps as glad to leave as I was glad to say good bye.

William laughed heartily as I related the incident about the cupboard; but I could not so readily overlook it, and wished the poor unoffending boy I forget where now, but believe it was somewhere in Guinea.

Let me hasten. The visit was returned, the magnificent parlors opened for us, the lady's three children, dressed in Parisan elegance, were paraded before us, with "he of the cupboard" at their head. They insisted upon our staying to tea, to show their magnificence I suppose, and we accordingly sat down to a table loaded with silver plates, and overloaded with delicacies.

Let me hint, that "parlor" was a word almost unknown at that time; many very wealthy farmers resided here, but they all had nothing more nor better than a "best room," plainly furnished and sparingly decorated. Pride had not even found a resting place for the sole of its foot.

I returned home rather discontented; the best room, I will not disguise it, looked thoroughly mean. The walls seemed desolate, the floor covered with poverty's carpet, that is, no carpet at all.

Baby was cross, (the poor little creature had taken cold,) I was out humor, and every thing seemed wrong. Instead of our cheerful fireside chat, an oppressive silence weighed down our spirits for some time.

At last before I was aware, I murmured "I wish we had one."

"What is it Ellen, a parlor?" exclaimed William, dividing my thoughts, "well, you shall have one; but you will find no more happiness in it than in our snug and comfortable little room.

"But can we afford it?" I asked almost beside myself with pleasure.

"Yes," he replied, "I can afford to buy furniture for a parlor, but I am afraid you will then be discontended with the rest of our house."

"Oh no! no!" was my answer. "We can take the large room up stairs that has never been used; and then I should rather have down stairs just as it is, because it will look as if we studied for comfort, you know. My husband's keen glance and my own answer, condemned me instantly; yet he seemed to feel a sort of pleasure in my enthusiasm, and finally informed me that he had spoken with a gentleman respecting some handsome furniture which he could buy very cheap, as it was second hand, though it had not been in use over a month."

"You must go to-morrow and see it yourself, and choose such articles as you want," he added To this I joyfully assented, and full of pleasing anticipations, I retired to rest.

In the morning, with a beating heart, I prepared for my excursion. It would take us the greater part of the day to go and return.

"What will we do with Willie?" asked my husband. "Carry him over to mother's, dear, of course," I replied: "he is asleep now, and I can take him nicely wrapped up without any trouble." I started, and as I bent over the cradle, William said: "he looks feverish and breathes hard, are you not almost afraid to leave him so long?"

"He does not, indeed, seem very well," was my reply; "but then I can go to-morrow?"

"No! this afternoon the sale comes off." For a moment I was undecided.—"You know he has been just this way often, William," I ventured to say, "and mother is a better nurse than I am; besides, he don't seem so very unwell, either: I think we had better go—it is only a little cold that he has taken."

"Just as you say," he replied; and accordingly we carried my little treasure and gave it in charge to my excellent mother. A singular feeling came over me as I laid it in her arms, and I lingered, almost hoping she would tell me not to leave it.

In a moment this was passed, and I was on my way to G———. When we arrived it was near noon. I took some time to select and determine which articles I wanted, and when we seated ourselves in the wagon it was almost three o'clock.—I had never before been so long away from my baby; and oh! how my heart yearned to clasp it again.

It seemed to me as I neared my father's house, that lightning speed would not have been swift enough for me, and when William reined in his horse, I sprang from the wagon without assistance, ran to the the hall and was just opening it, to my astonishment, Doctor Gray, our family physician, came out, but not recognizing me, it was quite dark, passed on.

For a moment I almost sank upon the door steps. A faintness, deathlike, came over me, a fearful presentiment weighing down my spirits. Yet I dared not stay. William had secured his horse, and came after me, as I bounded in and wended my way up the staircase to my mother's room. I dared not enter. I trembled like an aspen leaf, and my breath seemed almost gone as I listened. All was quiet except now and then a singular noise and I thought a sob. William, too, shared in my wretched forebodings. At last he whispered. "Some of the family is sick; we had better enter at once."

"No, no, not yet," I whispered, "William can it be our baby? Can it be Willie?" My husband passed his arm around my waist to support me, as a voice exclaimed in a tone of anguish, "Oh! if his mother was only here!" then opening the door almost carried me into the room.

What a fearful scene was then before me. My boy, my darling little Willie, was struggling in the agonies of death.

While as a corpse, his dark eyes wild and restless, his bosom heaving while the hoarse rattling breath escaped, oh! what a sight for a mother.

My parents stood on each side of the bed, my brothers and sisters were weeping all around me, for Willie was almost an idle in our family. As I stood for a second, speechless, and nearly bewildered, my baby saw me; he must have recognized me, for he raised his white arm toward me and almost ceased that terrible breathing.

I rushed towards him, and pushing the mourners aside, raised him in my arms, and clasped him tightly to my bosom.—How can I forget that wild beating heart, that laid so close to mine in the death hour? "Mother," I exclaimed, with tearless eyes, "he cannot be dying, he must not die! call in Dr. Gray; he must save him, I cannot part with my boy now; oh, Father in Heaven!" I continued, as I saw the mist creeping over those beautiful eyes, and the livid blue around the dear little lips, "why did I leave my child?" I laid him upon my lap, and parted the silken hair on his forehead. I clasped my hands, and wildly, aye, sinfully, prayed God to spare him then I pressed my hands heavily upon my eyes and strove to forget that it was reality. When I looked again the little lips were wreathed in a lovely smile, the dark eyes upturned to my own; he breathed gently, yet quickly—the agony was passed. For one hour I sat with that beautiful head upon my arm, dreaming that he was only sweetly sleeping, as had been her wont in the hushed twilight.

Then and not till then, did the whole weight of my wo fall upon my deadened spirits; I arose, laid him on the bed to be rob for his burial, and sank down insensible beside my lifeless child.

It was soon—on the day following. I had not seen my boy since he died. Weak and exhausted from mental suffering, I crept from my chamber into the room below, to take one more look of all that remained of Willie.

I entered softly—my husband stood over the coffin, weeping as only a man may weep in bitterness. Not a reproachful look or word had he given me since that fatal hour. I stole beside him, and mingled my tears with his.

He had just placed a little white bud within the little plump hand of our baby, and it laid as sweetly on his breast, as he laid upon his cold pillow. As we stood silently together, the heavy rumbling of cart-wheels sounded in my ear. In another moment, Alice my little niece, put her head softly within the door, and almost whispered, while her lip quivered with grief, "Aunt Ella, the furniture has come where shall it be put?"

My anguish, who can tell, at this fearful announcement? William's frame shook with emotion.

The coveted furniture was the cause of my sorrow; had I taken my babe when I first saw the symptoms of that cruel disease, the croup, had I not been so craving, my beautiful babe had been spared me; for so the doctor assured me would have been in all probability the case.

"Oh, William?" I exclaimed, "can you ever forgive, can you ever love me again?"

I shall never forget his answer. Lifting my head from his shoulders, he replied gently, "Ellen, who else have I to love now but you?"

"Well! it is all passed, yet it seems but yesterday I heard the heavy clods rattle on his coffin; yet regrets are useless now; he is a happy angel in Heaven. I did not keep the furniture, and though it may seem foolish, I cannot endure the word "parlor."

The former I disposed of, for I could not bear the sight of that which caused me to neglect my babe; and when I see a young mother more anxious for show and company than the welfare of her child, I remember the dreadful occurrence that accompanied my efforts to furnish "My first parlor."

Soft shadows crept around the bower, and twilight was gathering them together, Anna finished the little sketch which her grand-mother had furnished her. Tears stood in her eyes as she arose and murmured, "I almost wish we were not to have a parlor." Say, "rather," exclaimed a manly voice, "that you will never allow vanity to take place of affection in your heart, even for a moment." The young girl turned, and beheld her lover, who had been standing near unknown to her. I have heard all you have been reading; from your grand-mother; let us go into the house dear Anna; but before we do part, let us promise each other that we will always be careful in thought, word and deed; then we may look back with delight instead of regret upon our first parlor.

She did'nt Know her Husband.

A little occurrence took place in Allegheny city last week which borders somewhat of the romantic.

Mrs. ——a California widow, as ladies generally are termed whose husbands are absent in the land of gold, was startled by a loud, impatient knock at the hall-door. Her attendent was out, and being rather hurried and in the second story she looked out of the window to ascertain who the visitor could be. The appearance of the individual at the door was rather striking. His wearing apparel was coarse, ill made and very much out of fashion. The hair on his face almost entirely concealed his features. The lady thought that like Sampson, a razor had never passed over it since the day of his birth, and certainly, to say the least of it, no one would even for a moment have thought it necessary for him to tarry at Jericho until his beard was grown. Under his arm he carried a large parcel neatly done up.

After a moment's consideration Mrs. —— came to the conclusion that he was a pedlar, who had just left the back woods to pursue his avocation in our sister city, and therefore very politely informed him that she did not require anything.

"You had better examine what I have got," replied the stranger.

No, it would be only troubling him; she would not purchase.

"Well, come down and open the door," persisted the stranger.

The lady's patience was almost exhausted by his importunity, and she was about to administer a rebuke when her ear detected the suppressed laughter of the stranger. She could not see the broad grin on his face for the hair prevented her; but she did hear him laugh and his voice was familiar to her. So descending she opened the door and the next moment she was clasped in the arms of the rough individual before her, who proved to be not a pedlar, as she imagined, but her long absent husband. His beard was of three years' growth, and he had returned home in his mining habiliments purposely to surprised her. We will merely add that, on second thought, the lady did want most, if not all the articles in the parcel, which contained a goodly collection of silks, satins, broaches, bracelets, &c., and that the supposed pedlar after going through the hands of the barber, and a merchant tailor, has turned out to be as fine a looking man as any in our country.

A Limit of Power.—Many of the political friends and adherents of Gen. Jackson, believed that the old hero was equal to any undertaking, however difficult or desperate. A Virginia drover, however, once expressed an opinion during the height of old Hickory's popularity, that there actually was one thing which even he was unable to do. The story is thus related:

"As a delegate to the Abingdon Railroad Convention was returning home, he overtook a drover of several hundred cattle, when the following dialogue passed between him and some of the drovers:

Delegate.—Well gentlemen, you have muddy times of it; but in a few years you may possibly have a better way of getting your cattle to market."

Drover.—In what way, stranger?

Delegate.—Why, havn't you heard that a railroad was to be made from Knoxville down to Lynchburg?

Drover.—Well, what has that to do with driving cattle? suppose they can't travel on a railroad?

Delegate.—No; but it is said they may be taken in pens on a railway. What would you think of a large pen containing fifty or one hundred beef cattle, mounted on wheels and traveling at the rate of ten or fifteen miles an hour?

Drover.—Now, stranger, do you think it possible for such a thing as that to be done?

Delegate.—Why, such things are spoken of.

Drover.—Well—it may be so, I never saw a railroad—*but I'll be shot, if General Jackson himself could do it!*"

A Rhymster in Limbo.—A practical genius was hauled up before one of the Palice Magistrates for kissing a handsome young girl, and kicking up a dust—and the following examination took place:

Mag.—Is your name John Ray?

Pris.—Yes, your honor, so the people say.

Mag.—Was it you that kissed the girl and raised the alarm?

Pris.—Yes, your honor, but thought it was no harm.

Mag.—You rascal, did you come here to make rhymes?

Pris.—No, your honor, but it will happen sometimes.

Mag.—Be off you scamp, get out of my sight.

Pris.—Thank'ee, your honor, then I'll bid you good night.

☞ We are either in a state of nature or a state of grace; in Christ's or the Devil's hand.

A Post Office Yarn.

John C. Rives is responsible for the following: He said that when Amos Kendal was Postmaster General, he took a tour to the South and West, partly on private business, and partly to get the film off his official optics, and see how postal matters were conducted. Of course he did not make himself known on every occasion, but he always looked on at every post-route, and sometimes learned something. At one place in Mississippi he stopped while traveling in the stage coach at a rather insignificant village, where there was a distributing office of some importance. No one knew that he was the Postmaster General. The postmaster was away from home as he had been for some months, and the business of overhauling, storing and distributing Uncle Sam's mails were in the hands of a "sub," in the shape of an old negro woman. The post-office was kept in a pretty good sized room, and on one side of it there was a heterogeneous mass that appeared something like a huge pile of mail matter; and it looked, too, something like a small tan-garden. There were papers, letters, large and small paskages of books, etc., "in huge confusion piled around." The old blackwoman very deliberately unlocked the bags and emptied the contents on the floor. Amos looked on, and like Satan, marshalling his legions in pandemonium, he "admired." The darkey, after emptying the contents of the bags in the "pile," commenced putting back, and in every pouch, replaced a "miscellaneous assortment." The Postmaster-General his eyes opened, "some," and it occurred to him to ask "Aunty," if she could read. "Oh! no," said she, "but I puts back jist about as much as master used to do!" And as the critic said of Macready, when he asked the Danish courtier to play on the pipe, and the courtier took him at his word and played Yankee Doodle! Fancy Hamlick's feelings! Fancy old Amos'! but his observations were not yet completed. There was an enormous pile of mail matter that had been accumulating for months under the postal supervision of the sable "sub." It was after "M. G's" had learned the art of franking, and when their "beloved constituents" were in the habit of applying for seeds and other products at the agricultural bureau of the Patent Office. The cucumber seed were not all "bestowed," as Kendall can testify. The seeds in the most warm climate of Mississippi had germinated and extended throughout this immense mass of "mail matter;" cabbages, beets, carrots, and cauliflowers were there; potatoes had sprouted; while cucumber, pumpkin and squash vines had extended out of the heap and run nearly across the room! It is supposed that the warmth of the political documents, stimulated by the fiery nature of Southern politicians, had added to, rather than abstracted from, the fertile nature of the postal compost!"

"Pop Goes the Weasel."—This has become the chorus of a thousand snatches of song, but not one of a thousand who sing it ever heard its origin? But its parentage is as easily traced as that of an English baronet. A famous Methodist preacher by the name of Craven, was once preaching in the heart of Virginia, and spoke as follows: "There are a great many professors of religion here to-day. You are sleek, fat, good looking, yet something is the matter with you. Now, you have seen wheat which was plump, round and good looking to the eye, but when you weighed it, you found that it only come to forty-five, or perhaps, forty-eight pounds to the bushel, when it should have been 60 or 63 pounds. Take a kernel of that wheat between your thumb and finger, hold it up, squeeze it, an!—*pop* goes the weevil. Now, you good looking professors of religion, you are plump and round, but you only weigh some forty-five or forty-six pounds to the man. What is the matter? Ah! when you are taken between the thumb of the law and the finger of the gospel, held up to the light and squeezed, out pops the whisky bottle. From 'pop goes the weevil' to 'pop goes the weasel' transition is easy.

France and the United States.—The Union states that our government continues on the best footing with that of France, and that the French minister has evinced in the most proper manner anxious solicitude that the controversy with England should terminate amicably. Marshal Vaillant has denied any intention of withholding from the officers of the military commissions any courtesy extended to the officers of other nations, or to show disrespect to the United States.

☞ "I say, boy, whose horse is that you are riding?"

"Why its daddy's."

"Who is your daddy?"

"Don't yer know? why Uuncle Peter Jones."

"So you're the son of your uncle?"

"Why yes calculate I am. You see dad got to be a widower, and married mother's sister, and now he's my uncle."

Alliance Between Spain, England and France.—It has been ascertained from an authentic source that the long talked of alliance between Spain and Great Britain and France has been finally consummated. The first binding herself to send in to the field from ten to twenty men in the spring, her interests, particularly in Cuba, to be protected by France and England.

☞ Col. Thomas L. Broun, of Kanawha, has been appointed Director of the Coal River Navigation Company, on behalf of the State, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of E. Kenna, Esq.

☞ The weather is hot and dry.